# The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book

**NOTICE TO READER**

When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.

**NO WRAPPING**
**NO ADDRESS**

# Judge

AUGUST 10, 1918

PRICE 10 CENTS

In Canada, 15 Cents

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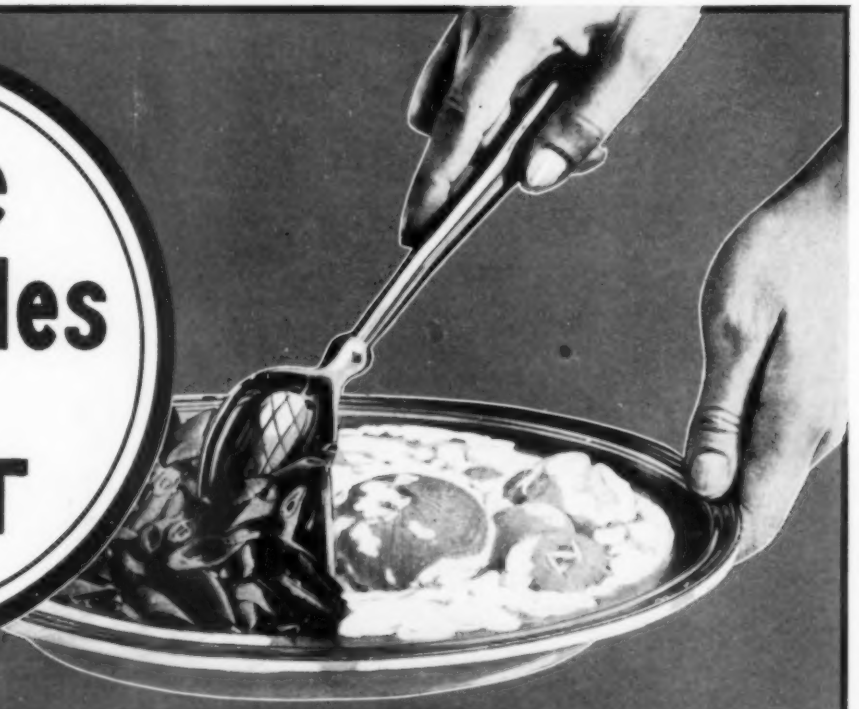
*Drawn by* NORMAN ROCKWELL

A TRIBUTE FROM FRANCE

# More vegetables LESS MEAT



EAT more vegetables—less meat. You'll feel better, and help the Government, besides.

Here are two you can't beat—new string beans, perfectly cooked in butter, and new creamed onions. You don't need meat.

How the cooking brings out their flavor! Cooking helps everything. Just try Lucky Strike Cigarette—it's toasted.

# LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

It's toasted

Save the tin-foil from Lucky Strike Cigarettes and give it to the Red Cross

20 for 15c

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

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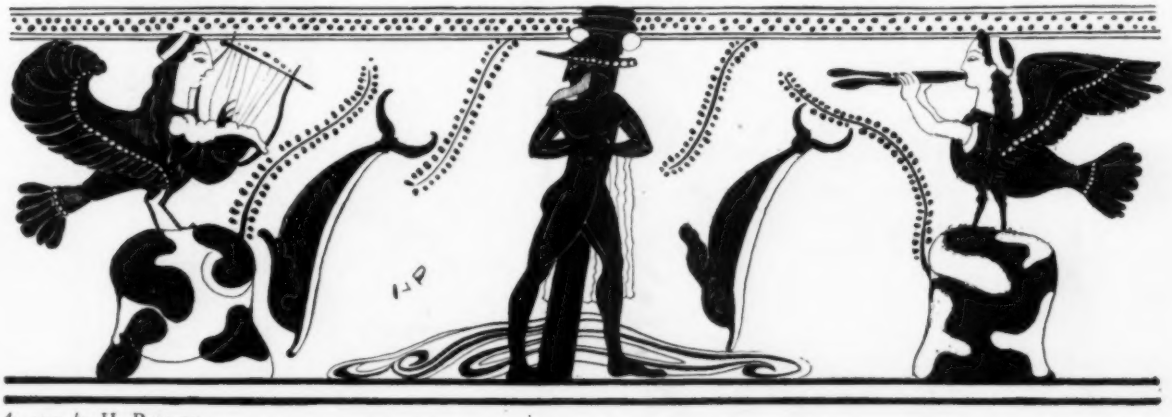


*As seen by* H. PALMER

"GO SEEK OUT MOMUS' GIDDY SPRITE"

## Ballade of "The Happy Medium"

*By* HOWARD DIETZ

IN a world that's weighted with worries and woes,
Where lurk the ominous shade of might
And fear of the fate Time may disclose,
A laugh is a jewel that shimmers bright.
Go seek out Momus' giddy sprite
And rest a while in his sheltered nook,
Where sparkles the fountain of true delight—
*The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book.*

Transplanted pain into pleasure grows
Where Wit and Humor and Song invite.
The oldest tourist in Mirthland knows
A laugh is a jewel that shimmers bright.
Here's boom to the waning appetite!
Here's balm to the ills that the soul may brook!
And new-born hope for the heart contrite—
*The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book.*

All life is harried with cons and pros,
With riddles to puzzle the erudite;
And Gloom ensnares us in his throes.
A laugh is a jewel that shimmers bright
With rays to blind us from Greed and Spite.
Let thoughts of the morrow be forsook;
And here's the wing to give Worry flight—
*The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book.*

Envoi

Judge, you have given me cause to write
A laugh is a jewel that shimmers bright.
And well may I hallow the day I took
*The Nation's Perpetual Smileage Book.*

*Drawn by* WALTER DE MARIS

JONES GETS HIS FIRST ICE BILL

"Great Guns! and only a little while ago I was chopping it off the sidewalk!"

AUG 12 1918


# JUDGE

Founded 1881

*"THE NATION'S PERPETUAL SMILEAGE BOOK"*

ONE OF THEM FELT SOMETHING SWING AGAINST HIS TURBAN

## A Tunisian Tid-Bit

*By* HARVEY PEAKE

*Illustrations by* WILFRED JONES

JAZZ-EL-JAZZ was Dey of Tunis.
He was a goodly man,
Beloved of all his subjects except,—
But that will come later.
And just to show his humbleness
And desire to be a partaker
In all good works,
He had himself appointed
Chief singer of the church choir,
Superintendent of the Sunday school,
Secretary of the Home-Uplifters,
Master of the Boy Scouts,
Colonel of the Young Nuts Society,
And Chief Buzzer of the Busy Bees.
And here is where
The above mentioned exception comes in;
There was among the Dey's subjects
A certain party named Kuttup,
Who was also trying to get
A corner on Goodness,
And who had been refused all the offices
Jazz had thrust upon himself.
He was naturally sore at the Dey,
And called him
A monopoly in restraint of trade.
So
When the Sock Knitters' Sodality was formed
And Jazz had himself elected President,
In spite of the fact that Kuttup
Was an applicant for the place,
The latter declared it the last straw
And swore revenge.

* * * * *

Two days later,
A half dozen citizens of Tunis,
Returning from an all-night poker session,
Were passing the Dey's Palace,
In the early hours of the morning,
Of a sudden one of them
Felt something swing against his turban.

Looking up,
He saw that his head was being brushed
By the stiff and rigid feet of his Ruler,
Whom Kuttup had swung,
From a rope around his neck,
To the parapet above.
Turning to his companions,
And pointing to the swinging feet,
This citizen remarked, between his sobs,
"And this is the end of a perfect Dey!"

*Drawn by* NORMAN ANTHONY
WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER

## In the Defense of Love

*By* I. V. BUTHAIR

LOVE, the greatest boon to civilization in that it supports a surprisingly large number of incompetents—novelists, palmists, advisers of the Love-lorn, jokesters, poets, and younger brothers, all of whom would otherwise have to go to work—is most viciously and cruelly maligned. With complete forgetfulness of the great amount of good done by Love, many people rush headlong into gross slander and libel of this beautiful, if disconcerting, emotion on absolutely no provocation.

For instance, it has been said and said so often that it now receives the honor due a proverb, that Love is blind—an utterly baseless accusation fraught, it seems, with nothing short of malice. How can any girl be filled with love for a two-footed fish with a pale pink fuzziness on its upper lip and less chin than an eel, if Love is blind? How could any man declare his Love for a fruit that was once "peach" but has since turned apricot, if Love is blind? How could any man look into two eyes totally surrounded by an ocean of quick-detachable coloring matter and declare that his heart is filled with Love which, for lasting qualities, makes the Universe seem like a "lady-firecracker" in comparison, if Love is blind? Yet Samuel Johnson, who was the first man with courage enough to frame a definition of Love for dictionary purposes, did that very thing when he made Love to his adored "Titty."

No, Love is not blind. It sees what no one unstricken by it can see. It sees in the above-mentioned fish another Napoleon—another Sir Walter Raleigh—ready to throw down his coat for the girl who becomes a queen when filled with Love for this fish. It sees in the apricot a full blown peach with the fresh blush of the Sun still on its cheeks. It sees in the face which has become a lurid ocean through frequent strolls to the corner drug store, the beautiful features of a second and greater Cleopatra. And yet they say that Love is blind—perfidious mortals! It is those who say that Love is blind who are really blind, and in their ignorance they go about throwing slurs indiscriminately on poor long-suffering, hard-working Cupid.

*Drawn by* CHARLES SAXTON
TENNIS TERM—FORTY, LOVE!

### Misunderstood

*Ned*—I was touched by her sweet manner.

*Ted*—For how much?

### All Answered at Once

*He*—I want to get married. Do you think I will?

*She*—Don't ask me!

### Superfluity

*First fish*—What do you consider a non-essential industry?

*Second fish*—Making artificial flies.

### Discretion

*Black*—And so your wife asked you for two hundred dollars yesterday! Aren't you broke?

*White*—Oh, no—I only gave her fifty cents!

### Club Item

*Boston maid to her small brother John Quincy*—Don't you know the difference between Yale and Harvard?

*Small brother*—Certainly—about ten lengths in rowing and five to nothing in baseball.

## The Higher Life

*By* DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE world is getting better: Men
Now long for higher things;
And even woman now and then
For something higher sings.
Each day high aspirations come;
Life seems so dull and flat;
We long for something higher. Some
Want this and some want that.

He wants a car of higher power,
And she a higher rent.
The daughter wants a higher dower,
The banker high per cent.
The railroad wants a higher rate,
The grocer higher price;
The player wants a higher straight,
The reader higher spice.

We long for higher dividends,
For higher profits we;
We want to mix with higher friends
In high society.
"Live higher!" cries to me and you
The parson, godly man;
And all of us are trying to
Live higher than we can.

*Drawn by* JOHN CONACHER

"Aw! beat it, Bill! An' don't be a darn fool! Can't you see I'm having my French lesson?"

### They Took Him at His Word

*By* TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

THE famous humorist was delivering a lecture before the girls of Brinymore College.

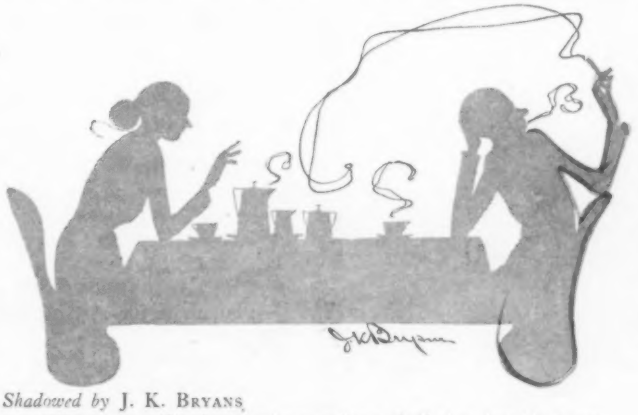
"All who do not believe that, will please stand on their heads," he said, after making a very extravagant statement, and waited for the applause which always followed.

Instead his audience, which consisted of the third year gym class, in costume, rose as one girl.

"All ready!" shouted the class leader. "Heels up!"

But ere the hundred pairs of feminine heels twinkled in the air the lecturer, his cheeks crimson, had turned and wildly fled.

You see, he knew the story would leak out and being a married man, he had had trouble enough trying to square himself after an indiscreetly admiring glance at *one* pair of trim ankles that did not belong in the family. He had no wish to have that trouble, multiplied a hundredfold, repeated.



*Shadowed by* J. K. BRYANS

"Yes, father, Charles may be peculiar and all that, but his heart is in the right place."

"How do you know?"

"He placed it in my keeping last night."

### Impossible

*Willis*—Have you noticed any effects of the war yet?

*Gillis*—Well, for one thing, the companies who carry my fire, life and accident insurance have added more restrictions to the policies.

*Willis*—They couldn't do that with mine.

*Gillis*—What's to stop them?

*Willis*—My policies are 100 per cent. restrictions already.

### A.D. 2917

"Yes, it is plain that woman has improved since she got the vote."

"How's that?"

"Why, now whenever she enters an elevator she removes her hat if gentlemen are present, and they no longer stand in danger of being jabbed in the eyes with all sorts of prepared millinery, including the deadly hatpin."

### The Newest Wrinkle

*Clarence*—Is Freddy a good dresser?

*Maurice*—Why, he even creases his pajamas.

### When He Passed On

"JUST a minute, Wombat. I ain't got enough money to get my wife back from the seashore."

"Lucky man!"

### Up-to-date Demands

The modern prodigal son, after his father had slaughtered the obese veal, would have asked, "And is *that* all we're going to have?"

*Drawn by* FRANK GODWIN

LITERAL INTERPRETATIONS

"Doing business on a large scale."

*Drawn by* SANFORD TOUSEY

When little Binks first captured two Boche helmets he thought it would be a simple matter to smuggle them back to his barracks.

### Always the Way

MRS. HEN, having performed her oviparous function, cackled and cackled, and took a constitutional around the yard. Returning to her nest she found it empty and clucked angrily.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" asked the rooster.

"It's mighty funny," she grumbled, "that I can never find things where I lay them."

### A Famous Battle-Ground

*Parke*—Yes, sir. The war will be won in the kitchen.

*Lane*—Good! I've had several wars in my kitchen and never won one yet.

### Preparedness

*Mrs. Meekton*—Daughter says she won't marry any man who hasn't been in the war.

*Mr. Meekton*—That's sporting of her, and I judge he'll need the previous experience.

### Sympathy for Abraham

*Sunday school teacher*—Our golden text, children, is "Abraham slept with his fathers."

*Johnnie*—Gee, I hope they didn't snore like pop!

### Guess Who

*Mars* (hotly)—Blame me for starting this war and I'll bang you on the nose!

*The devil*—Oho! I suppose *I* did it, eh?

*Mars*—I'm not saying that. I always found you a decent sort of devil.

### Unreturning

"Do you think a dollar goes as far as it used to go?"

"Farther—now-a-days it never gets back."

# The Dark That Failed

*By* Raymond Browne

THE train plunged into blackest night. In five roaring seconds we were out of the tunnel again and the sunset light was showing plainly the disappointment of the pair seated up ahead. Their loving glance was full of meaning. They would be ready next time.

As a hardened and cunning commuter, I was, of course, aware that we should shortly enter the larger tunnel which dives under the great river. I therefore attentively awaited developments. As we passed in back of the sordid and grimy city limit line, the trainmen switched on the lights as usual. I noticed dully that in the ruddy sunset glow they were but pale and dim.

The turtle doves divided their attention between each other and the view. Holding hands with desperate persistence, they kept an eye out for another tunnel.

As we swung soothingly down the incline to the tube, they spied the smoky mouth that swallows the shining steels. They seemed to brace themselves to take instant advantage of even a moment's darkness. Then He slid his arm awkwardly along the back of the seat and watched the train sink deeper into the walled pit, until the overhead span closed in, snapping out the sky.

The change from burning daylight to yellow electricity was not more sudden than the swift embrace of the enamoured two. Would that my tale could end as suddenly to draw the curtain of charity over the scene of their awakening.

### Out of the Mouth of Babes

*Mother*—Want to go with me to pick out my new false teeth, baby?

*Four-year-old*—Mother, you said you shouldn't pick your teeth in company.

*Drawn by* Zim

R. S. V. P.

*Bill U. S. A.*—Put up your tools, Fritzy! It's lunch time and you're invited to dine with us.

*Drawn by* A. Machefert

*She*—Many women, I see, have answered army advertisements asking for human skin to graft on to wounds!

*He*—They can't say now that woman may never be "a patch on man."

# Big Men

A CERTAIN people were much annoyed by the growing prevalence of big men among them. It had already come to the pass that big men were to be encountered at every turn and the masses were getting about enough of it.

But they were a crafty people. "Let us," they proposed, "make it easy for these fellows, placing no obstacle in their way and voting them pensions so they won't have to hustle for anything."

It was so ordered, with the result that the next census showed a marked falling off in the number of big men and the next census after that the virtual extinction of the species.

# The Fulfillment of a Hunch

*By* Charles Alma Byers

*Drawn by* Tex O'Rourke

The Harmoniac

I HAVE never studied mysticism. I know very little about so-called telepathy, or thought-transference. I have often listened to women talking of intuition, and so forth, but in doing so I have always smiled cynically and tried to simulate superiority.

Yet——

All day to-day, as I sat writing, I have been haunted by a most foreboding feeling. Often I have caught myself stopped in my work and sitting absently staring into space. At times this feeling, that something undesirable impended, was almost unbearable. With my mind temporarily forced to the task before me and my pencil moving rapidly across the page of white paper, there suddenly, time and time again, has broken through from my subconsciousness to my consciousness this troublesome thought-apparition. It has haunted me so persistently as to become quite terrifying. And it has been always a woman in the act of invading her presence upon me into which this haunting something visualized itself. Sometimes I have imagined that I could hear her footsteps on the stairway. Sometimes her face seemed to float dimly, indistinctly about me, just a little outside the range of actual vision; and at still other times I have been prompted into actually turning quickly around in my chair, with that strange feeling that a pair of eyes centered penetratively upon the back of my head. I presume there are some who would coolly analyze the feeling into a "hunch," and let it go at that. But with me it has been truly maddening.

And now——

On the stairway I actually do hear footsteps. I know, for I have pinched myself, that I might be certain that I am not again merely fooled by my subconscious self. The door opens, and a woman enters. It is just as I had feared and expected. The landlady wants her overdue rent and refuses to listen to reason—or argument. The "hunch" is fulfilled, and I must move—without my trunk.

*Drawn by* W. K. Starrett

Ambition

*Drawn by* NORMAN ANTHONY

REJECTED, BUT USED FOR LIMITED SERVICE

## The Way of the Wayfaring Woman

*By* PAUL CREIGHTON

"I WANT a nice lower berth in the middle of the Pullman," said the middle-aged lady with the somewhat agitated look some ladies always assume when they are traveling.

"Sorry, ma'am; but all the berths are taken," replied the ticket agent with no marked sign of grief on his face, his whole interest seeming to be focussed on a pear he was peeling.

"What! All the berths are taken?"

"Yes'm. I sold the last one not more than five minutes ago."

"And I suppose that it was a lower berth, too?"

"Yes, 'twas."

"And if I had been here five or six minutes sooner I could have had it?"

"You sure could."

"Who got it?"

"Some man."

"Do you suppose that you could get him to take an upper berth and let me——"

"There are no upper berths to be had. Every berth in the car is taken."

"And it hasn't been more than five minutes since you sold the last berth?"

"Not longer than that."

"Well, if that isn't too provoking! I stopped at a store to get something I could just as well have done without and it took them so long to make change! I told the girl who waited on me that I was in a hurry to get a train, but you know that never makes any difference to one of those shop girls, and here if I had been only five minutes earlier I could have had that nice lower berth! You say that it is only about five minutes since it was taken?"

"That's all, ma'am."

"And I told my sister whom I have been visiting that I was afraid I would be late and I wanted to come away without any of the dessert she had made for luncheon, but she said she had made it especially for me, because it was something she knew I was fond of. It was coffee mousse but, my goodness, I would rather never have seen any more coffee mousse than to have missed getting that berth. And you say it was taken not more than five minutes ago?"

"It's nearer fifteen minutes now."

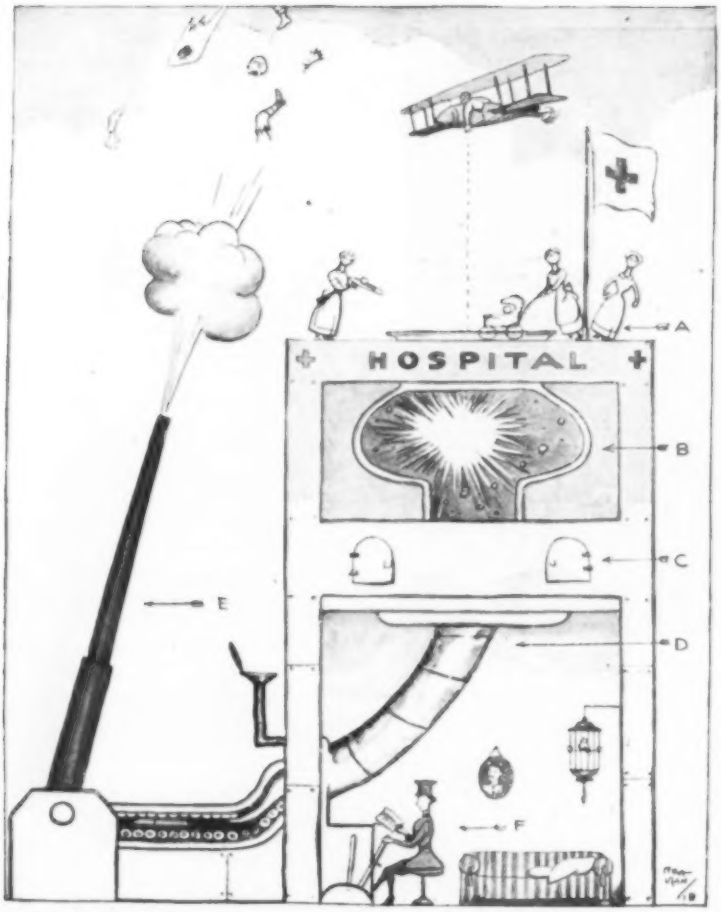
"Well, but you said that it was only five minutes when I first came to the window, and I could have been here ten minutes earlier just as well as not if I hadn't waited for that dessert I didn't need, and then gone into that store to get something I could have waited until I got home to get. I think I could have got here in time to get that berth anyhow if they hadn't been so long making change in that store, and here I have an all-night and all-day and all-night ride before me and you say that there is not a berth to be had. Do you suppose any holder of a berth will be likely to be giving it up?"

"It isn't likely with the train starting in seven minutes."

"Oh, my soul, does it start that soon? And I haven't checked my trunk yet! Of course I ought to have ordered the berth in advance, but I didn't expect to go home until the end of the week. Then I got a

*Drawn by* R. B. FULLER

*Binks*—Mary, is there any German blood in your side of the family?




*Drawn by* Rea Irvin

Plan Submitted for the Air Defense of Our Seaboard Towns

A—Decoy nurses
B—Bomb-proof chambers
C—Ovens where bomb fragments are melted
D—Chute where molten metal is turned into shells
E—Gun operated by lady operator (F)

letter that made me change my mind, but even then—and you say that it is only five minutes since that last berth was taken? I do think that—where is the baggage room? If I had only been five minutes earlier I could have— In which direction did you say that baggage room was?"

## The Female Reserve Corps

*By* E. R. E.

A CERTAIN ancient office building in New York has one vacillating elevator that has been patrolled alternately by two young men from the serried tenements of the East Side. Recently, as I stuttered upward in the car, Arthur said:

"Well, Jimmy is gone."

"Gone where?"

Arthur pointed to the rear wall of the elevator. Beside the "This elevator has been inspected" sign hung a small home-hemstitched service flag containing one home-hemstitched, lop-sided star.

Between the fourth and fifth floors, Arthur reached into his car-fare pocket and drew out another lop-sided star.

"There'll be two on it next week," he said.

He was a poor guesser, was Arthur. The owner of the building hired an Irish woman to run the elevator and she took the flag down—I know, for I have just come from there.

## The Policeman

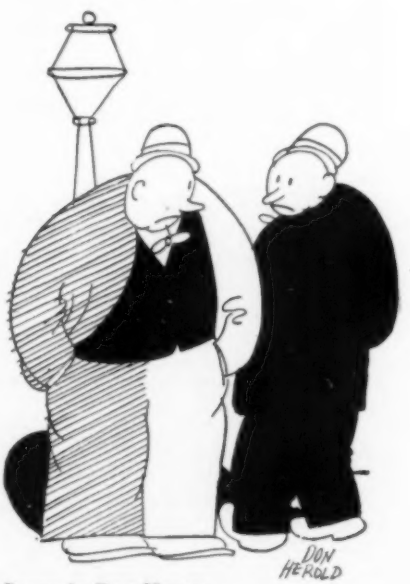
*From the baby's point of view*

*By* Gorton Carruth

THE big policeman in the park,
Although my friend, is most absurd.
Sometimes he's eager for a lark—
Sometimes he'll pass without a word.
And though I cannot tell you why
He does it, I've observed that he
Will look away and hurry by
The days mamma is out with me.

But when I'm out with nurse, he comes,
And then we have a jolly play.
He lets me wrestle with his thumbs
And pull his heavy stick away.
Sometimes he'll sit and rest awhile
With nurse upon a bench, or walk
Beside us down the path, and smile,
And twirl his club, and talk and talk.

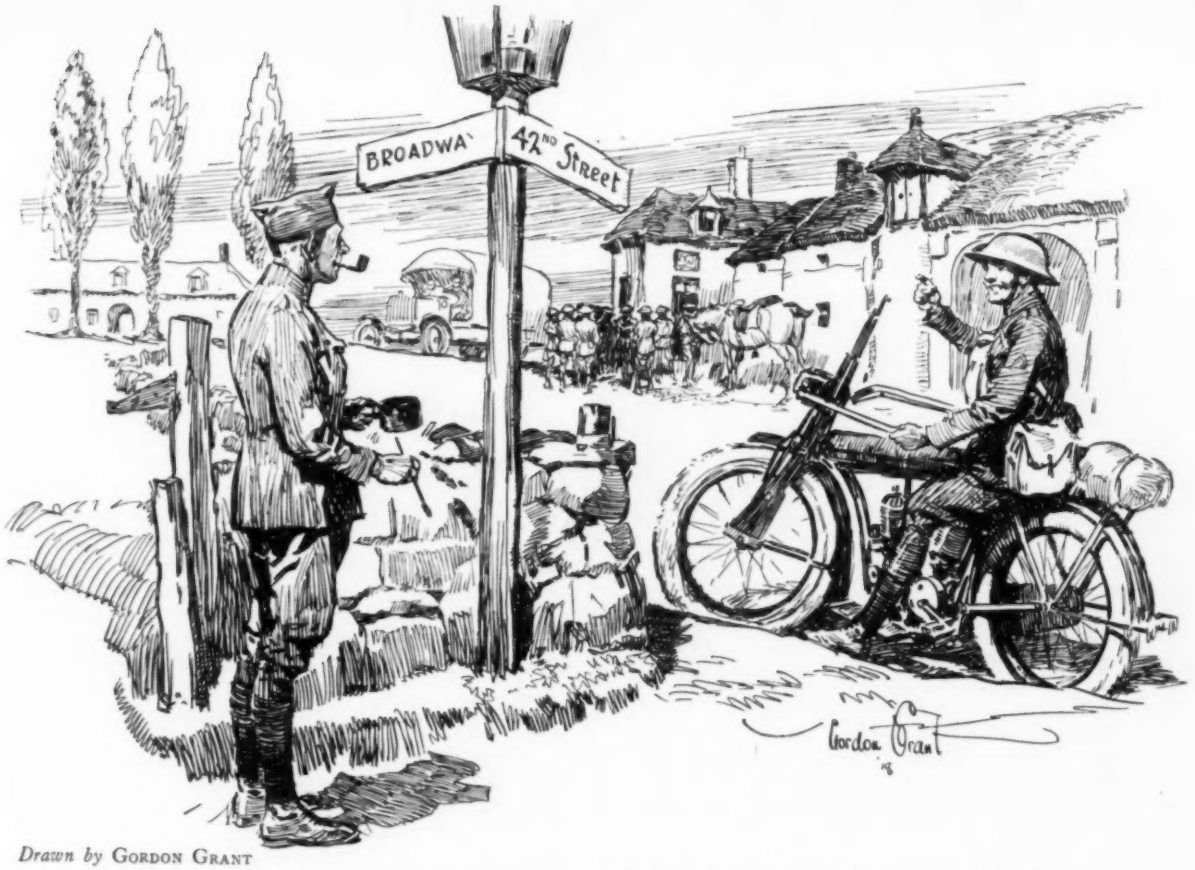
I can't discover why it is,
This double dealing in a friend,
But had I speech the same as his
I'd put such conduct to an end.
For while I merely kick and crow
He will not come when I command,
So I shall watch him as I grow
And some day I shall understand.




*Drawn by* Don Herold

Nobody is Very Different from Anybody Else, These Days

"Any old clothes to sell?"
"No, have you?"




*Drawn by* GORDON GRANT

"Say—you'd better make that 125th Street. The Marines have just advanced a couple of miles."

## The Human Dud

*By* TOM P. MORGAN

"IN the parlance of the trenches a 'dud' is a shell that fails to explode," said Professor Pate. "It appears perfectly normal, seems to have been scientifically constructed and accurately fired; and, yet, after sailing like a roaring demon of devastation over the intervening space, it simply lobs down in the mud with an ineffectual 'plop!' It——"

"Uh-huh!" interrupted old Dorsey Dudgeon. "The dud is always with us. My nephew, Perry Petty, is a human dud. He looks like the real thing. He was carefully reared by a doting mother, and more or less educated at my expense. Kind friends often declared that he had a brilliant future before him, and he himself occasionally admitted it. He sailed through the air for a brief season, an exceedingly impressive spectacle, and then he simply dropped flat, and is now a candidate for the legislature."

*Drawn by* F. MILLER

*Bill Snail*—I do hope when the boys get back from France they won't have acquired an appetite for us.

## Meeting Competition

*By* OTIS C. LITTLE

IT is not necessary to have a formal introduction in order to meet competition. Everyone has to meet it sooner or later, or else go out of business. You never can tell at just what turn you may meet it, so it is best to be presentable at all times. In meeting competition, you should always have on your company manners.

There is more competition to be met in the world just now than there has been in a long time before, and more people must learn how to meet it. One of the main factors in successfully meeting competition is to recognize it as soon as it appears, and then to act as though you had been expecting it all along. If you can tiptoe up behind it, and slap it on the back and grasp it by the hand before it is aware that you are even in the field, so much the better. Never let competition surprise you, or it will be apt to fluster you so that you cannot meet it at all.

# Work or Fight: *by* Walt Mason

*"Uncle" Walt's Exclusive Weekly Message to Judge*

SINCE we've been told to work or fight, I scarce know what to do; the order puts me in a plight, and I am feeling blue.

Ah, gladly, gladly would I scrap, as I have said before; I'd like to spoil the Kaiser's map, and wade knee deep in gore. But when I offered to enlist, the sergeant turned me down; he said I had a spavined wrist, and bald spots on my crown. I tried to join the horse marines, and every other branch; they said I should be hoeing beans on some sequestered ranch. So if I do not pack a lance, and make the foeman halt, upon the storied soil of France, I ask you, whose the fault?

I'll fight the Teuton or the Turk, or any foe you bring; but when you say that I must work, why, that's another thing.

It is one thing to bleed and die, to earn a deathless fame; I have no use for any guy who doesn't like that game. To march with heroes to the field, the field that's red and wet, and come back bleeding on your shield, oh, that's the stuff, you bet! The thought of it makes martial fire start blazing in my breast; I hit the hired man with my lyre, and knock him galley west. Oh, I am fond of stirring deeds, I yearn for red renown, for I have read the mighty screeds that Homer handed down. I'd scrap with dagger or with dirk, and make a record fine; but when you say that I must work, it's time to draw the line.

*Drawn by* E. Flohri

"But When You Say That I Must Work, Why, That's Another Thing."

I'd meet the Teuton anywhere, I'd challenge him with glee, upon the land or in the air, or on the raging sea. My fathers all were men of war, like lords of ancient Greece; they often were arrested for disturbing of the peace. Of caitiff blood there's not a drop in any veins of mine, and I have whipped the village cop, and gladly paid my fine. When there's a roughhouse I'm no shirk, I gayly take a part; but when you say that I must work, you mean to break my heart.

Oh, Crowder, let me go abroad, across the briny flood, and stain a mile or more of sod with tinhorn Teuton blood. And if you find me dead and prone in some red, stricken place, you will discern, I'll bet a bone, a smile upon my face. Then bring my mangled body back, Oh, send it back by mail, along the moist and stormy track so many heroes sail; and plant me by the old gray kirk among the daisies fair; but if you talk to me of work, I'll soak you with a chair.

---

## The Spell

By F. W. Poole

SOUNDS of music in a sordid street.
But not of brazen-throated horns,
Nor sweet stringed lutes of cloying sweetness.
Nor time worn air dulling the sense
With lilting rythm.
Not vulgar music of the West
But like to that of Eastern lands.
The strange barbaric charm—
The broken tinkling clang,
Evoking visions
Of almond eyed Celestials—
Of Persian kings on empurpled thrones—
Mysterious houris with scarlet lips,
Reclining in seraglios—
Warriors with horrid faces,
Clad in sharded armor;
And all the witching glamour of the Orient.
The music of the future
For this clodded hemisphere,
Yet old as time in far Cathay.
A vibrant soul-voice bade me come
And reverently I came.
I the West, to sit at the feet of the East.
Louder swelled the strain,
Drawing my willing feet onward
To a cleft in the dull gray pile—
A rift within the narrow street.

I looked—I saw—
And then went weeping on my way.

'Twas but a small but swart Italian son
Beating with a stick upon an obsolete
Tin wash boiler.

*Drawn by* A. S. Daggy

The Only Kind of a Slacker the U. S. Has Any Use For, These Days

### At a Club Window

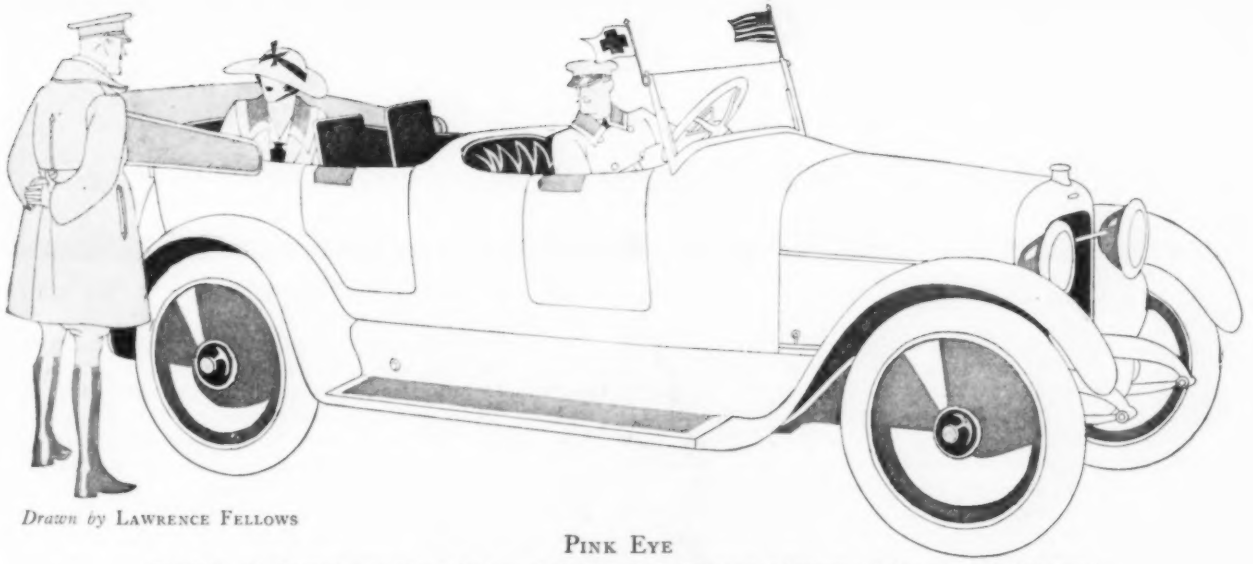
*Tom*—These Fifth Avenue girls all look in the jewelry windows, but never see us.

*Dick*—Of course! They prefer diamonds to clubs.

### Looking at a Sign

*Farmer*—Why advertise such a numerous variety of pickles?

*Citizen*—Because purchasers are not likely to buy the same kind twice.



*Drawn by* LAWRENCE FELLOWS

PINK EYE

*The Girl*—Ah, Captain, you always look on the bright side! To you the darkest clouds are tinged with roses!
*Medical Officer*—Er—mental conjunctivitis as it were—what?

# Murdered Music

*By* TOD CHENEVIX

"SHUDDER as we may, the crime will go on. That free music should not be free for every vandal is something yet unlearned. A symphony may be turned into ragtime. Do we protest? Do we depart from the scene of lunching? We do not. We continue our dinner and our chatter with perfect forgetfulness that we are consenting to an atrocity."

"Something nice about that tune. What is it?"

"I know what it isn't, though the programme says 'Beethoven.'"

"Well, then, it is Beethoven. Moonlight sonata?"

"Decidedly not. Maybe the notes, but not their meaning."

"That is not possible."

"It certainly is possible, and it is being done. Everywhere you go, to eat or drink or dance or laugh, you will hear just that."

"Good. It gets everybody acquainted with the classics."

"Unfortunately it misinforms them."

"The idea! Don't you suppose they learn the tune?"

"That is just the trouble. Save the mark! What they learn is distortion. Rhythmic distortion, speeded up to the movies, or droned out like the toothache. Both are worse than nothing. And we lamely let the murder go on. What insane psychology!"

"Oh, quit! If more felt as you do there would be no end to the unjust complaints about all the good music provided for public enjoyment and uplift. You bet I for one am glad to be favored and improved."

"Ah, you give me an idea! 'Improved' it is! And just the grade of improvement to which you are susceptible. I see it now. You could never swallow this music in its essential form. Camouflage is indispensable."

*Drawn by* BARKSDALE ROGERS

*Small Boy*—Gimme a piece o' dat candy, will yer, Jimmie?
*Big Boy*—I dasn't! Suppose dere was ground glass in it or some'pin? I couldn't bear to watch your dyin' agonies.

### Doing Good

*The wellwisher*—We really ought to do something for the good of our fellow men.

*The uplifter*—We really should. Isn't there something we can suppress?

### Her Contribution

*Tramp*—Madam, I am a starving Belgian.

*Housewife*—Well of all the nerve! What happened to that barrel of flour that our church sent over last year?

### Learned from the Ladies

*The husbandman*—That crop was worth three dollars a bushel and the bugs are getting it all.

*The farmerette*—Perhaps if you reduced the price it would be so cheap and common the bugs wouldn't care to eat it.

### Technical

*At a Normal school boarding-house — Florence* — Why were the boys taking up that collection this morning?

*Mabel*—To hire a coach for the football team.

*Florence*—Huh! Guess I'd let them walk.

# EDITORIAL

## *Comment Grave and Gay on Things as They Pass*

### Do You Drum Well?

A POMPOUS individual said to another man: "My father was a general in the Civil War, but your father was only a drummer." "Well," said the other man, "didn't he drum well?"

A stranger entered a cathedral one day and humbly begged leave to play on the great organ. The organist indignantly refused, but finally the stranger's importunity forced his grudging assent. Then, as the heavenly music welled forth from the organ under the magic of the stranger's touch, the organist wonderingly exclaimed: "Who are you, man? Are you Mendelssohn?" "Yes, I am Mendelssohn," the stranger replied.

One in a million of us may be a Mendelssohn. It is a tragedy, an inestimable loss to mankind, if possessing the most marvelous of gifts he misuses them to fill the world with discord—if able to feed himself and his fellows with the ambrosia of the gods he craves. The husks the swine do feed upon. Few men are born into the world without the ability to do something. It may be a humble something, but it is something, and the doing of it or the slighting of it spells the difference between the man and the slacker.

Just our little bit done well by each of us every day will make this old world a better and a happier place to live in, and this old world never needed our bit from every one of us more than it needs it today.

He is a defaulter who can be a Mendelssohn but won't; he is a worse defaulter who can drum well but won't, for there are so many, many millions more of him.

Do you drum well?

### Parts of Speech

WHEN the downfall of the Romanoffs was flashed upon the bulletin boards a man stood before one of them while painfully and laboriously he spelled out the word "abdicates."

Then turning to his neighbor, he said: "What does that mean?" "It means that the Czar beat it," the neighbor replied. "Then why doesn't it say so?" he demanded.

Why don't they say so? We are prone to complain of our writers and our publicists—especially if they be "college highbrows"—that they "don't talk United States."

Yet the fact remains that of the two American Presidents in our time who have had telepathic insight into the popular mind and purpose, the two who can tell what the people think and tell the people what to think, one is a college professor, the other is a college man, and both of them are of that despised guild which Simon Cameron called "them littery fellers."

Sometimes a Billy Sunday may use the vernacular plentifully interspersed with slang and impress some of us profoundly. Sometimes—not always.

We don't like the man who talks over our heads, but we are apt to like still less the man who talks down to us.

*Drawn by* E. W. Kemble

"Ever forward must be our watchword."
*From the German.*

### Sixes and Sevens

THE proposals that the Republicans and Democrats should nominate the same man for Congress mostly pan out like the baby whose mother remarked: "He's half yours, isn't he?" "Well," said the awful dad, "rock your half and let my half holler."

* * *

A man never subjected to temptation must wonder whether it is a boost for his integrity or a knock for his insignificance.

* * *

First Assistant Secretary Crowell is fussed over what to do about the lost motion in the War Department. Anybody on the Senate Military Affairs Committee could tell him that what you do is to table the lost motion and proceed with the regular order.

* * *

Now it is a minimum of beef Mr. Hoover wants us to eat. If this keeps on, it's up to somebody to raise a bumper crop of minimums.

* * *

Henry Ford says: "I am a Republican and I didn't want war. We have a Democrat for President and we have war and I am for both." For both, Henry, plus a little more gasoline in the tank of the war "flivver!"

* * *

We can't help thinking Secretary Baker would have known more about the war when he came back from France if he had thought to take Colonel House over there with him.

# A Digest of the World's Humor

## The Wittiest Thoughts from the Brightest Minds

## THE FARM

**The Selfish Farmer Again**—A senator, apropos of the farmer's attempt to raise the price of wheat, said the other day:

"The farmers are actuated by selfish motives in this business. It's like the story of the duel.

"Two gentlemen with their seconds retired to a farmer's meadow to fight a duel. The various preliminaries were arranged, and the duel was just about to begin when the gaunt figure of the farmer was seen racing across the grass toward the scene of conflict.

"The farmer seemed in great distress of mind. 'A humane chap,' the principals and seconds thought; 'he wants to prevent bloodshed'; and they welcomed him kindly.

"'Excuse me, gents,' the farmer said, gulping with emotion, 'but is this here goin' to be a sword or a pistol duel?'

"'Sword duel,' said a second. 'Why?'

"'Well, you see,' said the farmer, 'if it was a pistol duel I'd want to take my cows in first.'"—*Washington Star.*

**What He Hated**

They were mowing the hay when he paused
to say:
"There are just two things that I fain
would shirk.
One is mowing the grass while the hot hours
pass"——
"And the other, my son," said his pa, "is
work."

They were splitting the wood, as farmers
should
When the winter is only a month ahead.
Said the son: "Two things I hate, by jings!
This job—" "Yes, and work," his father
said.

They were working the corn one steamy morn
When the son, as he paused for a drink, said:
"This is one of the chores that my soul
deplores——"
"T'other's work," said his sire, as he
shook his head.

And his father was right; for this lazy wight,
Whose favorite outdoor sport was shirk,
Had, early and late, two objects of hate:
The job he was busy at then—and work.

—*Farm Life.*

**News for Novices**

*New Arrival* (nearing the front for the first time, pointing to the observation balloons)—What are them things, mate?

*Old Hand*—Oh! them's the dugouts for the flying blokes.—*The Bystander* (*London*).

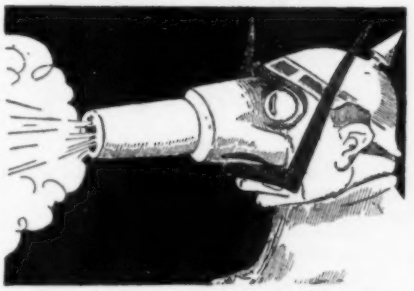
**Couldn't Fail**—"Is there any way to prevent my neighbors' predatory chickens from scratching up my garden seed?"

"Oh, yes."

"For heaven's sake, name it!"

"After planting the seed have your entire garden paved with concrete."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**That Son of a Gun**



*Il 420 ha potuto avere il disegno del cannone tedesco che spande i pestilentissimi gas asfissianti.*

We are fortunate in being able to present to our readers this authentic picture of the famous German supergun.—*Il 420* (*Florence*).

## JUST KIDS

**He Was Up-to-date**—Little Johnnie, aged seven, was being admonished by his father for fighting with the boy next door. "I never got into a fight when I was a boy," said his parent.

"I know, dad," said Johnnie; "but these are war times."—*People's Home Journal.*

**No Inducement**—"Look here, now, Harold," said a father to his little son, who was naughty, "if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven."

"I don't want to go to heaven," sobbed the boy; "I want to go with you and mother."—*Pearson's.*

**Testing Uncle's Faith**—Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"Uncle, give me that colt, will you?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Willie," said his uncle laughingly. "That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?"

"I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world," said Willie.

"Then," said his uncle, "I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me?"

"Is that so, uncle?" said Willie, eagerly. "Won't you please give me this colt, then, and pray for one for yourself?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

**Good Reasons**—*Johnny*—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?

*Tommy*—It don't cry so very much—and anyway, if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself!—*London Tit-Bits.*

**A Mis—Understanding**

*Visitor*—Yes, Reggie looks very well in uniform, but—er—he ought to pad his legs, don't you think?

*Fond Mother*—But—he does!—*The Passing Show (London).*

## WAR WHEEZES

**A Good Beginning**—A minister from the trenches was recounting some of his experiences to a party of friends a short time ago and told of a wounded Irishman whom he found in a deep state of dejection. Upon being asked if he would like to dictate a letter home, his face brightened somewhat and he assented. Immediately the minister brought writing materials to his bedside and signified his intention to take down the letter. He waited a few moments, but Tim appeared incapable of speech, so the minister said: "Come, come, my good man; I haven't very much time. We must make a start. What shall I say?"

But Tim remained tongue-tied.

"Shall I begin—'My dear Wife'?"

"Yis," assented Tim, grimly, "put that down. That'll amuse her."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

**Afraid**—*Marie*—Don't cry, dear. You must be brave while Jack is away with the army. Remember the war won't last forever, and then he will return to you.

*Betty*—Y-yes; but I'm afraid that before he comes back some other hateful man will marry me.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Helps Him**—*Yeast*—Don't you think the conserving of food is good for you?

*Crimsonbeak*—I do. I haven't eaten any of my wife's biscuits for a month, and I feel better for it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**Making Good**—"I see where a soldier who wasn't much of a soldier when it came to saluting his superior officers and drilling, went 'over the top' and proved himself every inch a hero."

"I dare say a great many of our boys are like that," said the golf player, thoughtfully. "They show rather poor form in the preliminaries and are strong in the finals."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**Professional Secrets**

*"Monsieur le boulanger, je voudrais bien savoir ce que vous fichez dans votre pain?"*

*"Pardon, monsieur, qu'est-ce que vous êtes?"*

*"Journaliste."*

*"Est-ce que je vous demande ce que vous fichez dans votre journal?"*

"Would you mind telling me what on earth you put into your bread?"

"Pardon me, sir, but what is your vocation?"

"I'm a journalist."

"Well, do I ever inquire what on earth you stick into your paper?"—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

**Suitable Medium**—"I see where a man was arrested for swearing in German."

"It served him right."

"What is your opinion of German, anyhow?"

"I don't know of any other language better adapted to showing that a person has a bad disposition and is extremely hard to get along with."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**His Only Regret**—*Dome S. Tick*—Isn't it awful to have to give up your home and wife and go to war?

*Gabe Oy*—My only regret is that I have but one wife to give up for my country.—*Town Topics.*

**Explained**—*The missus*—You look so strong and well—it's hard to believe you're a wounded soldier.

*The mendicant*—No, lady, I'm worse'n that—I am one of the "missing."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

## JOURNALISM

**The Editor's Appeal**—In this kind of weather approximately so many typographical errors on the editorial page seem unavoidable and essential, and all we ask of our esteemed and perspiring proofreaders is that they put as many as possible of the irreducible minimum in the extracts from valued contemporaries, and as few as possible in the original work, if any.—*Ohio State Journal.*

**Too Good**—A correspondent of the *London Daily News* forwards to the editor the following Chinese method of refusing a contribution which has been received from a Pekin journal:

"We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we reveled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it the authorities would ordain us to take it as a model, and henceforth never to print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within 10,000 years we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your divine MS., and for doing so we ask of thee a thousand pardons."—*New York Sun.*

**His Contribution**—*Visitor*—Sir, I am collecting for the Poets' Hospital. Will you contribute anything?

*Editor*—With pleasure! Call tonight with the ambulance, and I will have a poet ready!—*London Tit-Bits.*

## DARKIES

**The Reason**—"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "dat some young chaps is broke is dat they keeps tryin' to pick race horses instid o' pickin' strawberries or cotton, or whutever's in season."—*Washington Star.*

**There He Was**—A Troy lieutenant who was stationed recently at Camp Devens relates an experience that occurred when a party of negro draftees from the South arrived at camp. They were lined up, and as each man's name was called he stepped forward. When the roll was completed, one negro remained standing back of the line, to the surprise of the officers. "What are you doing there?" said one officer. The confused negro looked sheepish, but said nothing. "What is your name?" The negro gave his name, which could not be found on the roll. "How did you get here?"

"All Ah knows, boss, is dat Ah was standin' on de platform at Jacksonville, Florida, and someone said, 'All you niggers get aboard'; so Ah got aboard and here Ah am." The negro had not been drafted, but certainly showed willingness to obey orders.—*Troy Times.*

## YOUNG THINGS

**Botanical**—*Botanist*—This, Miss Little, is the tobacco plant.

*Miss Little*—How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?—*Pearson's.*

**Very Likely**—A Socialist was talking at the Colony Club about girls' schools.

"Ultrafashionable girls' schools I don't like," she said. "They educate a girl in everything but an education.

"Two housemaids were talking once about their mistress's daughter, who had just returned from one of these ultrafashionable schools.

"'What's the new course Miss Marie is taking?'" the first maid asked.

"'I think,' said the second maid, 'I think the name of it is cosmetics.'"—*Washington Star.*

**Punishment**—*Edith*—I'll back out and let you marry the wretch.

*Marie*—Why do you do that?

*Edith*—He proposed to both of us and I want to see him punished.—*Boston Transcript.*

**The Fateful Hour**

"*Ja hi són, ja! Ja són a les portes!*"

"*A les portes de Paris o a les portes de la mort?*"

*Pro-German Spaniard*—Ha! They are at the gates!

*Doubtful Ditto*—At the gates of Paris?—or of Hades?—*Esquella* (*Barcelona*).

**Fishing**—*He*—Miss Wiles dropped me a line yesterday.

*She*—Lookout! That girl is trying to hook you—*Boston Transcript.*

**Worried**—*Sister Susie*—Oh, dear, I've run all out of grey. I wonder if the soldier would mind if I finished the sock in lavender.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**A Tactician.**—*Stella*—An officer has to know how to handle men.

*Bella*—Huh! I know how to do that myself.—*New York Sun.*

**Some Knock**—*Belle*—Was that your brother I saw you with yesterday?

*Beulah*—Yes; don't you think we look alike?

*Belle*—Not a particle. Say, he's pretty good-looking, isn't he?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## MUSIC

**A Warning**—"Stand up! The orchestra is playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

"I can't, I have a sore foot."

"Better stand up. A fellow offered that excuse the other day and it wasn't long before he had a sore head."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**National Anthems**—*Teacher in French school*—Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?

*Little Marie*—"La Marseillaise."

*Teacher*—Good! Now, the national air of England?

*Little Marie*—"God Save the King."

*Teacher*—Very good, mon enfant! Now the national air of the United States?

*Little Marie*—Certainement! It's "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."—*Stars and Stripes.*

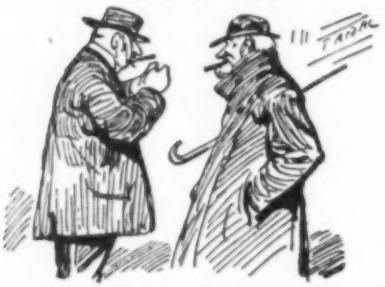
**Sammy's Brace**

*Yankee*—Say, boys, I brought in a couple of Huns last night on the end of my bayonet.

*Skeptical Tommy*—Yer quite certain there was two of 'em?

*Yankee*—Betcher life, bo'. I heard one of 'em say, "Move up a bit, Fritzy, I'm slipping off!"—*Passing Show* (*London*).

**The Luxury of Light**



*"Trois sous, la boîte d'allumettes! C'est une abomination!"*

*"Et encore, il paraît qu'on va mettre à cinq sous celles qui prennent."*

"Three cents for a box of matches! It's an outrage!"

"Yes, and I hear they're going to charge five cents for those that will light."—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

# THE MELTING POT

**Gus Don't Lak Recall**—Gus Peterson ha lak tu hav argument ven aver ha can find sum faller vot ain't agreable vith hem, so dis Gus ha hav talk fights avery day.

Gus ha vas red hots republican and ha don't care vary much for the bulls moose.

Vone tam dis har Ottoe Case ha git in arguments vith Gus about polly ticks. Ottoe ha claim tu no more about it than Gus du because ha skal try avery kind of party. Ha ban republican—bulls moose—progressive—democrats, but ha ain't lak annie vone of them and ha tal Gus ha vas going tu start a new party.

After they vas talking a long vile Ottoe say tu Gus:

"Du yu belief in recall of yudges?"

"Not buy a long vays," Gus say. "The last tam Ay vas arrest the yudge tak gude look at me and ha say 'Ay recall that face. Ninety day for yu."

"Aver since that Ay don't believe in yudges recalling annie ting."—*Washington State Weekly.*

**The Scotch Method**—"Dae ye think this box is strong enough to trust in the van?" asked a Highland farmer at the railway station.

"I doot it," replied the porter; "but we'll see." He lifted the box and let it fall with a crash. "It'll get that here," he said. "An' it'll get that"—he gave it another bang—"at the junction. An' at Dundee it'll get that." The third "that" burst the box and its contents were scattered over the platform. The porter shook his head. "Na," he said. "I think it winna get past Dundee. If it's goin' further it's no strong enough."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Not Overflowing**—*Brudder Johnsing*—How's collections at your church, Brudder?

*Brudder Shinn*—Well, we ain't nebber had to stop in de middle of a collection to go an' empty de box.—*Club Fellow.*

**Brave Dame**—She is the best of women, and for four years she has worked untiringly. But the other day, at the N—— sous N—— hospital she was not exactly tactful. Seeing a newcomer in the ward she was in the habit of visiting, she said:

"So you have lost a leg?"

"Yes."

"Ah, poor fellow! Have a chocolate!"—*La Baionnette (Paris).*

**Willing to Blow Her**

*Young Hodge* (to the Hon. Millicent De Vere Marchmont Crespigny who has become a farmerette)—I be goin' to the movies Saturday arternoon; I'll take thee if thou'd loike to coom?—*London Opinion.*

**An Englishman's Idea of a Yankee**—A lean American was monopolizing the conversation at the club.

"Yass," he drawled. "I've been about some. I've lumbered on the Mississippi, met bears in the Rockies, seen cattle-ranchin' out Texas way, glanced round Australia, seen some bush life an' gold-minin'.

"Hob-nobbed with Indian rajahs, watched a bull-scrimmage in Spain. China? Reckon I jest have. Bin anywhere else? I should smile. There's Japan, the Alps, Switzerland, and that jest about finishes the caboodle."

"What is his profession?" asked someone, when the American had departed.

"His profession?" said a little man who had hitherto not spoken. "Why, he's manager of a cinematograph show in the West-end."—*London Tit-Bits.*

# THE SEX

**Suspended Regulations**—"Corporal Daisy Carruthers, why did you not inform Private Hilda Clarkson that I wanted her?"

"Oh—we're not on speaking terms just now!"—*London Passing Show.*

**With a Carful**—*Jack*—You can't judge a man by the way he dresses.

*Edith*—Oh, I don't know. I can tell a gentleman by his get-up—in the crowded street car.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Can Give Him Points**—"I hear Madge is engaged to a man who manufactures artificial optics."

"Is that so? Well, I reckon she can give him a few points when it comes to making those goo-goo eyes."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

**Artistic Temperament**—*Her husband*—Seats in the Stock Exchange cost thousands of dollars.

*Prima donna*—My! but I'd like to sing in that house.—*Boston Transcript.*

**Useful**—A woman lost her little curly poodle, and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of foolish questions, among others:

"Where did you find my dear darling?"

"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole, and was washing windows with him."—*London Tit-Bits.*

**Comforting**

*"Ne vous bousculez pas . . . voyons! . . . vous avez un autre train."*

*"Quand?"*

*"Demain . . . à la même heure!"*

"My goodness! Don't get so excited! If you miss this train, there's another just as good."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, at the very same time."—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

## BUSINESS

**Poetic Advertising**—An advertising man who has returned recently from the Orient says the Japanese merchants and manufacturers who have occasion to make use of printer's ink are not disposed to limit themselves to dull, prosaic statements concerning the excellence of their wares. Among the entertaining bits that the traveler noticed in his study of Japanese advertising are these:

"Goods despatched expeditiously as a cannon-ball."

"Parcels done up with such loving as a wife bestows upon her husband."

"The print of our books is clear as crystal; the matter charming as a singing girl."

"Customers are treated as politely as by rival steamship companies."

"Our silks and satins are as smooth as a lady's cheeks and colored like the rainbow."

It ought to be possible to get advertisements read in Japan without scattering them around next to "pure reading matter."—*Dayton News.*

**That's Not Business**—"Stunning stenographer you have."

"Yes, but I'll have to get rid of her."

"Why? Affecting your heart?"

"No, indeed. But when she trips into the office an hour late, she seems to think a smile squares everything."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

**The Dissatisfied One**—"Better consider my course in efficiency training. I can show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**Mary Murillo Says**—It's a little risky for a stenographer to go around harping on improvements for the office. They might take her up on it and get another stenographer.

Don't think every good-looking man in the office cherishes a secret passion for you, and don't think you are falling in love every time your heart flutters. You may be bilious.

Many a misguided office girl has wasted time and face paint on an unsympathetic employer.

Nine times out of ten, when a man hires a stenographer, he wants a stenographer for stenographic purposes. He picks his peaches in another orchard.

No office girl can chase the bright lights all night, come to work next morning with a headache, spring the sick grandmother gag, and get away with it indefinitely. The boss may have a headache himself.—*Ginger.*

**Thoughtfulness**

"*Cada vez me alegro mas de haberme 'gustao' las dice pesetas que mi mujer tenia escondidas debajo de un puchero.*"

"*¿Por que?*"

"*Porque como el gobierno anda ahora buscando la riqueza oculta, la podian dar un disgusto a la pobre.*"

"I'm certainly glad I 'took over' those ten pesetas of my wife's that I found hid in a vase on the mantel."

"Why?"

"Because the Government has just decided to commandeer all secret hoards, and the poor girl would feel terribly cut up."—*Blanco y Negro (Madrid).*

**Outside the Limit!**

*The Host*—I suppose cigars 'll be one of the things to come under the luxury tax.

*Candid Guest*—You'll have no need to worry, old chap, if you stick to this brand!—*The Passing Show (London).*

**Just the Man**—"I'm thinking of going into the poultry business."

"Then I'm the very man you want to meet. I can supply your needs. I'm thinking of going out of the poultry business."—*Farm and Home.*

**Too Much Advertising**—"I see that old Monroe has failed in business. How did it happen?"

"Oh, too much advertising, I guess."

"But Monroe never advertised."

"No, but his competitors did."—*New York Evening Post.*

## ECCENTRICITY

**Teacher Wanted**—The Cuthbert school is so far without a teacher. This week the following ad was handed into the *Record* for publication:

"Cuthbert wants a first-class teacher. Salary proportionate to the work. Would take man or lady. If a man he must not smoke cigarettes, nor trade knives, nor swap horses for pastime. He may search for minerals or oil, but not gas—we have that. If a lady she must not wear glasses and must have good teeth. She is not to flirt with the boys. She can try her hand on some elderly widowers."—*Colorado (Texas) Record.*

**A Suggestion**—"I want to make a gift to Miss Passay," said Singley; "I wonder what sort of animal she'd prefer for a pet?"

"A man," promptly suggested Miss Knox.—*Pearson's.*

**Easily**—"Pragmatic pantheism" is the name of the new religion being adopted by some of the Eastern people. We know nothing about it but at first thought it strikes us we could easily sleep through the sermons.—*Buffalo News.*

**The Punster at Work**—"Our men fought like tigers," says a Rome journal. But more like Ita-lions.

"We shall soon have to register for leave to sneeze," prophesies a Willesden magistrate. When, in case of omission, magistrates will be called upon to "atchoodicate."

A wonderful sofa is the chief humorist in the new Criterion play. It's a sofarce.—*London Opinion.*

# "Rates on Application": *By* Lawton Mackall

## The Show Shop

THEATERGOERS have long been accustomed to the program credit system, such as the following:

Book and lyrics by Harry Jazz
Music by Alf Bang
Shoes by Tootsies
Shoestrings by Tyem
Miss Jimpson's gowns by Pinard, Inc.
Miss Verlaine's handkerchief by Maison Hasenpfeffer
Rain storm effects by Jones Plumbing Co.
Cigar (lit but not smoked) in third act by Fume-O Disinfecting Co.
Etc., etc.

But only in the last season or so has advertising been promoted from the printed program to the play itself. Nowadays it has its say right in the dialog.

This state of affairs illustrates the fact that when earnest people are hampered in one line, they will seek another outlet. The war has been cruelly hard on advertisers. Their cherished billboards, with which they gratuitously beautified landscapes along railroad tracks, have in many, many cases, been eclipsed by upstart munition factories; and Mr. Hoover has inconsiderately directed people's attention to mere crops, so that the outlooking traveler now observes the cereal and vegetable produce rather than the most majestically-columned adscapes towering in the background. Not even the fascinating information that it is "17 miles to Hoboken" can coax his gaze from the cabbages. Not even "*Parfun Zaza*" (two dollars a vial), celebrated in letters thirty hands high as an olfactory necessity to every woman, can compete with an unassuming plantation of living onions. Truly the advertiser was in a bad way.

So he invaded the drama. "It Pays to Advertise" had already pointed his opportunity. That, as you remember, was a play *about* advertising, and hence the trade names of nationally-known commodities figured logically all through the dialog. It only remained to introduce trade names into the dialog of plays not concerned with advertising. With due perseverance and almost undue effrontery this has been accomplished, so that now characters pause in the midst of a tense situation to speak of soap and vacuum cleaners by their full names. ("Nick-names encourage substitution," you know.) The principal rôle in "The Lassoo" was played by an automatic piano. The heroine took pains to explain to her friends at tea how much this musical piece of furniture meant in her life. When her husband was away with the "other woman," she would sit and listen to it "by the hour." In the last act the heart interest was enhanced by dragged-in allusions to a certain make of typewriter and a certain breed of automobile. And yet, despite the endorsement of these thoroughly standard brands, the show was hardly a success. That is, with the people in *front:* of course, the people *behind* it may have responded most gratifyingly.

It is a pity that some of the impecunious playwrights of old didn't know this little trick. Shakespeare could, with very little trouble, have modified the famous scene from "Macbeth" so as to make it effective from the modern point of view.

*Macbeth*—Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more. Macbeth doth murder sleep."

*Lady Mac*—'Tis but your hard, discomfortable bed,
Milord; sweet sleep would softly visit you
Upon a Bloojum's Rest-O Felt-made Mattress.

And Juliet might have said, in gentle chiding:

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;
With toilet water 'tis another matter.
Oh, wherefore didst thou bring me this base junk
When I had told thee plainly, "Eau de Sniff"?

Coming down to modern times, the famous escape scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where Eliza pussyfoots over the river in frappé flight—even this perfect moment could be improved. Eliza could exclaim that her anxiety was due to the fact that the hounds came from the Spiffleigh Kennels and hence were exceptionally keen purps; but that luckily the ice was Sanifreeze Naturo, and therefore could be depended on in an emergency.

Magazines have to pay a war tax on all advertisements. Isn't it about time that doped dialog did its bit?

*Photo by Abbe.*
LUCILLE DARLING (PRONOUNCED WITH A PAUSE) AND EDITH STOCKHAM, LOOKING SPANISH IN "HITCHY KOO."

# Bright Bits from Current Plays

*From* "THE RAINBOW GIRL"

BUTLER—Drop hit! Hit biteth like a serpent an' stingeth like a hadder!

ERNEST—Oh, no, uncle, it's *wine* that does *that.*

BUTLER—Evil garments can do the same thing!

(*Above*)

*From* "ROCK-A-BYE BABY"

*Zoie and her two dream children (she dreamed large ones while she was about it), engaged in singing "My Own Light Infantry." The mere fact that they all have their mouths tight shut is a detail which we refuse to worry about.*

*Especially when we have to worry about filling this space. The Government's paper saving regulations require us to be funny right up to the limit.*

(*Above*)

*From* "MAYTIME"

*Skilled manœuvring with matrimonial intent. The chorus dame is in the act of capturing a somewhat superannuated yet real live aristocrat for a husband.*

Photo by Beidler

*Adele Astaire, of "The Passing Show"—a fancy dancer. Here she is proving she can look fancy even when she isn't dancing.*

"Are you proposing to me, and if so, what?"

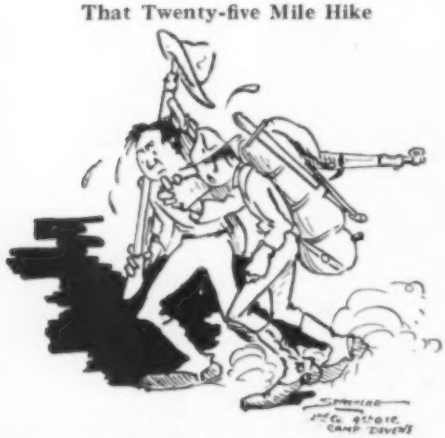
"Marriage."

"That's right. I'm a sensitive girl, and if you don't mean it, I'll bounce somethin' off your coco."

# Tent and Deck
## Wheezes Military and Naval

*JUDGE pays $1 each for original jokes sent by soldiers and sailors and accepted for publication, and each week $5 is awarded for the best original joke received*

### That Twenty-five Mile Hike



*Drawn by* STREHLKE, *2nd Co., 4th O. T. C., Camp Devens*

"Now I know why the French doughboys love Papa Joffre."

"Why?"

"Because he took them up to the battle of the Marne in taxicabs."

### More Silent Communications

*By* SERGEANT W. R. DODD, *3d Training Co., Camp Morse, Texas*

ONE of our boys in training at a Signal Officers' Training Camp was showing a lady friend through the grounds when they suddenly came upon a squad of men practicing semaphore signaling. They were waving their arms in all directions, making the various letters, when the sweet young thing suddenly gave vent to her pent-up feelings. "Oh," she exclaimed, "this war is awful. Just think—we've got to the point where we have to send deaf and dumb men to the front."

### He Had Experience

*By* FRED B. SAWYER, *Post Hospital, Fort Howard, Md.*

A company commander was requested by the War Department to find out if there were any men in his company with a knowledge of wireless telegraphy. Forming his company, he said: "Men, there is a chance for some of you to go to school and study wireless telegraphy. If there is anyone here who has had any experience, hold up his right hand."

Promptly to the extreme right of the company flew up one lone arm. "Well, Private White, what experience have you had?"

"Sir, I used to be a messenger boy."

### Khaki Cut-Up

*By* PVT. AUSTIN F. ZICHT, *45th Co., 12th Bn., 159th Dep. Brig.*

*Sergeant*—Now suppose you found a lighted bomb on your post and you knew it was about to explode. What would you do?

*Rookie*—Turn it over to the Captain of my company, sir.

### This Week's $5 Prize Winner

### The Human Muffler

*By* PVT. A. A. TAUCHNITZ, *14th Co., Ft. Hancock, N. J.*

*A CORPORAL shouted to a private a few minutes after "tattoo" in the evening. "Hey, Jack, it's after 9.15 and I want it quiet in these quarters. If you must talk, talk in a whisper."*

*The private obeyed and continued his conversation in a whisper. About fifteen minutes later he shouted. "Hey, corporal, I gotta laugh. How do you laugh in a whisper?"*

### Thrift

*By* CORPORAL KENT WATSON, *Battery D, 133d Field Artillery*

*Sergeant*—Let me have a dollar to get some stamps with.

*Private*—What do you do with so many stamps?

*Sergeant*—Oh, I mail letters to my girl friends.

*Private*—Why not marry one of 'em and save stamp money on the rest?

### Pride of Office

*Drawn by* ELDON KELLEY, *M. O. T. C., Supply Company, Fort Riley, Kansas*

Yet his audience was too small.

### After the Test

*Drawn by* PVT. DOC RANKIN, *Gas Def. Ser., L. I. City, N. Y.*

*Officer*—Did you find any uncomfortable features about the mask during the test.

*Buck Private*—The only uncomfortable feature is I can't get a girl's eye nohow.

### Appendix to Our "Doughboy's Dictionary"

*By* PVT. W. R. MARSHALL, *Battery A, 112th H. F. A.*

*Skipper*—The Captain.

*Wind Jammers*—Buglers.

*Paper Hangers' Delight*—Corn starch pudding—a frequent culinary offense.

*Ma*—The Mess Sergeant.

*Pa*—The Top (First Sergeant).

*Shrapnel*—Beans.

### Insulted Dignity

*By* SERGEANT GILLEN, *Flight Dept., Scott Field, Belleville, Ill.*

"Didja just join up, or have yuh been in awhile?"

"What ja mean, just join up? Why, you poah rookie you, I've stood at parade rest longer'n you've been in the army."

### Got the Idea Exactly

*By* PRIVATE R. W. TYLER, *Photo Division, Air Service.*

The first sergeant was talking to his men about courtesy. "You men must have proper respect and care for all women, and if you ever see a woman in trouble, go to her rescue at once. Sam," he continued, addressing a tall negro in the rear rank "supposing you were walking down the street and saw a big brute strike a woman in the face. What would you do?"

"Sergeant," replied Sam, "Ah would look dat brute in de eye and say: 'Man, it am mahty lucky for you dat you didn' strike *me!*'"

### Those Army Horses

*By* PVT. HARRY WYCOFF, *Hdqrs. Printing Dept., Camp Dix, N. J.*

*Major*—A very embarrassing situation occurred to me at Review this morning.

*Colonel*—How so?

*Major*—As I galloped across the parade grounds a private yelled "*MILK*," and the horse came to a dead stop.

# "A Wonderful Bargain!—I'm Delighted!"

*and that's what you'll say, too, when you see*

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A Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography.
A Pronouncing Dictionary of Greek and Latin proper names.
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**OH, LADY! LADY!!**

**WINTER GARDEN** B'way and 50th Street. Evenings at 8. Matinees Tues., Thurs. & Sat.
**THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918**


### A Soporific

"Doctor, I can't get any sleep. Is there anything you can do to help me?"

"Yes; I'll have the nurse play you a lullaby on the phonograph."

### Falling Short

*Drawn by* C. S. RIGBY

Germany's intention was to encircle the world

## Summer Schedule

*Up and Down on the Broadway Joy Line With* L. M., *Conductor*

AMONG THOSE PRESENT—*Knickerbocker.* H. B. Warner comes to town.

BLUE PEARL, THE—*Longacre.* Detective doings.

EYES OF YOUTH—*39th Street.* Alma Tell's variegated future is strangely like Marjorie Rambeau's and Jane Grey's.

FOLLIES OF 1918—*New Amsterdam.* Alleged by some to be the Earthly Paradise.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—*Hudson.* Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, as German-Americans, bicker amusingly about loyalty, with patriotic results.

GETTING TOGETHER—*Shubert.* Western Front humanity with a Bairnsfather flavor.

GOING UP—*Liberty.* Overhead suspense.

HITCHY KOO—*Globe.* Leon and Hitchy spring a summery revue.

KEEP HER SMILING—*Astor.* The Drews, Sidney and Mrs., emerge safely from the movies.

KISS BURGLAR, THE—*Eltinge.* The thief gets away with it while the spectators are under the influence of the music.

MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME, THE—*48th Street.* A supposed slacker accounts for four spies and a submarine.

MAYTIME—*Broadhurst.* Significant exhibit of fidelity—a romance of last summer that holds good this season.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC—*Cocoanut Grove.* A feminine tank crew generously refrain from treating 'em rough.

MIDNIGHT REVUE—*Century Grove.* Gold-plated glee.

MOTHER'S LIBERTY BOND—*Park.* Reg'lar ol' fashun mellerdrammer.

OH, LADY! LADY!—*Casino.* Sprightly misunderstandings of a due-to-be-married pair, celebrated in lively tunes.

PASSING SHOW OF 1918—*Winter Garden.* An opportunity for carefully considering the female of the species.

RAINBOW GIRL, THE—*Gaiety.* Colorful operetta.

SEVENTEEN—*Booth.* Puppy love at the eye-opening stage.

TAILOR-MADE MAN, A—*Cohan & Harris.* Bart makes a brilliant advance in life under cover of a strategically-occupied dress suit.

TIGER ROSE—*Lyceum.* Mr. Belasco turns on a thrilling thunderstorm and Leonore Ulric turns on a French Canadian temperament.

### Foresight

"Pa, what is a man with foresight?" asked the family hope as pater was dressing for the show.

"A man with foresight, my son, is one who remembers to slip in his cuff buttons before putting the shirt on."


## A Patriotic Tip

JUDGE was one of the three most popular publications in the camps in a list including all the leading magazines.

"The happy medium," Judge, furnishes welcome relaxation for war-strung nerves.

Stick a 1c stamp on the cover of this issue, according to postmaster Burleson's advice, and drop in the mail; the Government will send it to soldiers or sailors at the front. Do this every week, and you'll make life that much cheerier for the men in camp and "over there."

Or send us a dollar and a soldier's or sailor's name and address—either at camp or at the front—and we'll send him the next 13 issues. Address

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### No Sympathy

*Drawn by* JOE RYAN

*Rookie*—Look at that, Sam, they've hit me new helmet twice, already.

*Old Vet*—Be thankful, son, chat you weren't wearing your evening clothes and your opera hat or they'd be ruined.

### Surprised

"Yes, my dear, you must never forget that everything is ordered for us by an all-wise Providence."

"Well, I never heard President Wilson called by that name before."


**SEXOLOGY**

*by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.*
imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

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Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have
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Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have
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## Bachelors and Things

By Douglas Malloch

SOME men think they are seeking perfection when what they are seeking is imperfections.

A woman would be frightfully disappointed if she knew how happy some bachelors are.

Nothing is what the bachelor sees when he bolts the door and turns around.

Hold fast to that which is good, but not when there is something better.

The trouble with the bachelor is that he thinks it is spelled "bridle."

Men's ideas of matrimony are very strange, especially married men's.

The singing at the club is led mostly by the "crusty bachelors."

A bachelor would rather believe the worst than experience it.

In the pursuit of happiness the happiness is in the pursuit.

It is the duty of every man to make some good woman unhappy.

How is the bachelor to know he is right unless he marries?

No man is truly wise until a woman has made a fool of him.

A man says he will never marry, a woman unless.

The bachelor is wise, but 'tis folly to be wise.

A bachelor at a wedding does a lot of thinking.

## Political Pebbles

By Albert E. Hoyt

SENATOR BORAH says the Chamberlain anti-spy bill is "absolutely unconstitutional and absolutely unnecessary." Oh, come, Senator, can't you cite a better precedent than that for making it a law?

♠

We want to help Senator Weeks in his new and arduous duties as Chairman of the Committee on Disposition of Useless Departmental Papers, but he mustn't suppose the recipients are going to pay to ship them back to Washington.

♠

Job Hedges describes the present day pacifist as "the illegitimate offspring of a hope and a regret." We have seen nothing better since Josh Billings defined the pacifist's long-eared twin brother as "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

♠

Some day some man is going to be elected who says, man fashion, that he wants the office. Some day, even in war time, a man is going to win who says he is a partisan because his party is the better party and if it weren't he wouldn't belong to it.

♠

Force of habit makes the politician a poor deer hunter. Whenever he meets the buck, he wants to pass it.


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**Boston Garter**

### What'll You Have?

"Want an evening paper?" yelled the camp newsie.

"If it's all the same to you," replied the enlisted man, "I'll take an ice cream cone."—*Trench and Camp.*

Judge

*The mission of this publication is to preach the gospel of cheerfulness*

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# FUN FROM THE FIGHTERS

*Good Things in Our Army and Navy Publications*

### One Reason

Private Jiggs says that one reason he wants to transfer out of his present company is because there's a corporal in his tent who snores so loud that he never hears reveille.—*The Reconnaissance (Camp Bowie).*

### Looking Backward

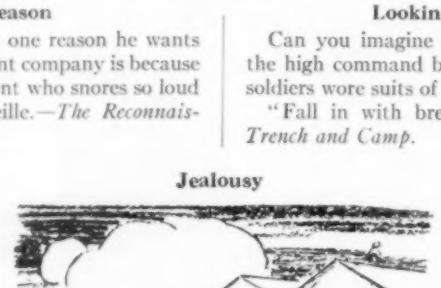
Can you imagine a Saturday inspection by the high command back in the days when the soldiers wore suits of armor!

"Fall in with breastplates and shields."—*Trench and Camp.*

### A Safe Bet

It's
A pretty
Safe bet that
The doughboy
Who don't know
The exact
Number of stars
In the flag
And can't even
Carry the tune
Of the national anthem
Will show
More bull's eyes
On his scoreboard
After a turn
On the range
Than
The bird who
Is always
Screeching about
The
"Glowryus"
Land of the Free.
—*Trench and Camp.*

### Jealousy



"Wot's Herb sore about?"

"Aw, they've transferred a sharpshooter to this company, and Herb's afraid the guy'll get the Kaiser before he does."—*Trench and Camp.*

### Nautical Dictionary in O. D.

SHIP'S BELL—Device for telling time on shipboard so that it will only be known by the Naval Board and Greenwich Observatory.

CHIEF BO'S'N'S MATE—The sea-going top-sergeant armed with a whistle instead of a megaphone.

GALLEY—The manufacturing end of a sea-going mess shack.

WAKE—The watery formation just aft the poop-deck resembling the bead on a glass of Blue Ribbon Beer.—*Comin' Thru (Published on the way over by 107th Infantry).*

### Sea Impressions

Corporal Bob Stone says his idea of excitement on a transport would be to hunt for eggs in the crows-nest.

Sergeant McFarlane says his would be to meet a submarine and have the gunners score a miss.

June Ellis says three meals a day would be the most exciting thing that could happen to him.—*Comin' Thru (Published on the way over by 107th Infantry).*

### Dough

A private was seated on a bunk making a valiant effort to keep awake while the lieutenant instructor of the field hospital unit conducted the class.

"And what is the greater or lesser circulation?" the officer asked.

The soldier roused.

"Before and after pay day," he answered.—*Trench and Camp.*

### As She is Spoke

The following reproduction of a conversation which took place on a street car somewhere in America should encourage the Book Department to make arrangements to produce a handbook on the rudiments of the English language, for distribution among some of our American citizens:

"Wheurjygo las night?"

"Nowrs. Staydat home."

"I seen Marry Pickferd in a swell play. Jim come overn picked me uppin the Lizzie."

"Heeza live one, ainty?"

"Buhlieve me."

"Goan out t'night?"

"Huh-huh. Hean Coraz goantuh Gert's. Jye wer go over ther?"

"Uhuh. Slong. Gotta gittoff nexttop."

"Slong."—*The Marine's Magazine.*

**WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU?**

You young man? Are you prepared to meet face to face what life has in store for you and make a success of it, or are you going to fall in behind with the grand army of incompetents—physical and mental weaklings who never get anywhere? Rarely, if ever, has a man succeeded in life without health. You will find physical wrecks by the wayside of life suffering for their early mistakes and errors. There is a reason for this.

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Make it re-builder if you like—the results are the same because they are based on a system which has taken a life time to study out and perfect. I personally, am the result of that system. I experimented first with myself because I wanted to be sure. Then I tried it on others with the same marvelous results. I have never had a failure among the many thousands who have placed themselves in my hands. I annihilate physical ills and in many cases, mental ills. There are no drugs in my prescription. Throw physics to the dogs." If ever there was a royal road to health, strength, energy and vitality it is that known as the Strongfort System by which each pupil receives individual instructions.

**Are You Interested in Yourself?**

Have you made a mistake at some time in your life as a result of which you are now suffering and paying the penalty? What are you going to do about it? Do you know that I can help you and will? In all earnestness and sincerity I beg of you to

**LET ME RE-BUILD YOU**

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**LIONEL STRONGFORT**
Physical and Health Specialist
646 Park Bldg., Newark, N. J.

# Be Reasonable, Girls!

——Aero Squadron,
———Field,—— ——, Texas.

The Editor of Judge,

When the morning mail comes I ascend to the seventh heaven of delight, but when the mail orderly brings the afternoon lot, I flounder in the slough of despond—or vice versa. And it is all the result of that modest little note of mine which you published some few weeks ago. I am quite aware that Judge is full of jokes, but I never dreamed that one of those jokes would be on me. Since that item appeared I have been deluged with letters, post cards and photographs from all over the United States and Kansas.

A few extracts from some of the letters might interest you:

One young lady in Utah actually "cussed me out," and stated that I couldn't write to her on a million dollar bet!

Another girlie began her letter thusly; "Referring to your advertisement which appeared in Judge, etc."

"Florida" informed me that she could not tolerate a person who sought "correspondence popularity" through advertising!

A fair Bostonian—I know she is bound to be good looking, and has several Pierce-Arrows and Rolls-Royces—says she will send me anything I want—no matter what it is. I'm for her!

A Virginian offered to be my "long-distance girl," if I didn't already have one.

As yet Nevada and Oregon have not been heard from, but I am living in hopes.

Sad to say, up to the present time, Uncle Sam has not furnished me with a private secretary, and have, therefore, been somewhat "up a tree." I have had to "pass the buck" to other members of the squadron, or else become heartless and go on a still hunt for a waste basket, but just the same, I love 'em all! And when peace is declared, and I am turned loose—Oh, boy!

E. L. F., Jr.

# His Turn Now

To the kind reader of these few lines:

You surely will be astonished at reading this, for I am as much unknown to you as you are to me, but long months of monotonous life at the front can only suggest sorts of things as follows: I picked up a Judge book in some dugout, and it gave me good time while reading it through, and all of a sudden an idea struck me at the sight of an article of yours. I would write you and inquire whether you happened to know of a young girl who would like to take up corresponding with a young French soldier. It's what I'm doing.

Now, if that could be, let me introduce myself briefly: have been only two years in the army, being only twenty by now, I have a fair complexion!!! I lived in England a little over one year; it's what enabled me to pick up a few English words I still remember; before I had always been living in Paris.

Well, I have written enough, and taken very much of your time, as time's money, and money's necessary to Win! I'd better stop, in thanking you very much in advance.

Truly yours,
Jacques Lacroix,
Téléphoniste, 2/289 R. A. L.
par B. C. M.
Paris, France.

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NO GOVERNMENT LICENSE REQUIRED
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WANTED—AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF SOME simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 129, Washington, D. C.


**Very Busy**

*Drawn by* R. B. Fuller

*Mother*—Have you seen anything of my little Harold?

*Captain*—Yes'm, he's commissioned for observation work over th' enemy's lines.

**Her Risk**

The girl who buys every face cream that is supposed to be good for the skin is sure to be skinned on some of them.

**Waisting Time**

They went for a walk. He wore a wristwatch and soon she had the time about her.

**Only WEARERS Know This Comfort**

Try a pair yourself. See how lightly the patented *Wide Webbing* rests on muscles and veins. Men who wear them once, say they'll never want any other.

**E.Z. GARTER**

**"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"**

DEALERS: Ask your jobber; or order sample dozens from us without obligation.

Silk finish and lisle, in medium and large sizes.

If not at dealer's, send 35c and a pair will be sent postpaid. THE THOS. P. TAYLOR CO., Dept. J., Bridgeport, Conn.

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What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know

**$1.00 Postpaid** Mailed in plain wrapper

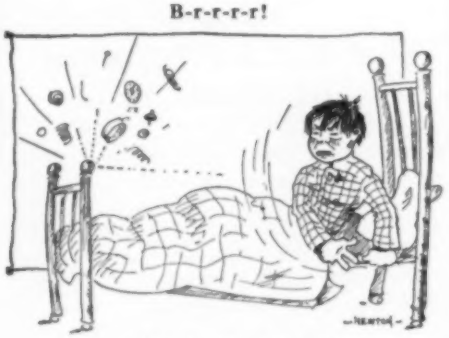
Cloth binding—320 pages—many illustrations. *Table of contents, and commendations, on request.*

**AMERICAN PUB. COMPANY, 869 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia**

### Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band

"This harp sings that you love me,"
Said Antony with desire;
But the fair Cleopatra screamed in his ear
"That's not a harp, sir; it's a lyre."
—*Punch Bowl.*

### B-r-r-r-r!



"Spreading the Alarm."—*Widow.*

### Of Course

*Salome*—It's a horrible mushy story.
*Marie*—Well, isn't it a serial?—*Record.*

### Very

"She's a very high toned girl."
"Yeh, she's a scream."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

**HOTEL EMPIRE**

**BROADWAY at 63rd Street, NEW YORK**

MOST conveniently situated hotel at popular rates in the heart of everything. **Rates single rooms, $1. Room with private bath, $1.50. Parlor Bedroom and bath (for 2) $2.50.** Write for booklet "What's Going On." P. V. LAND, Manager.

# With the College Wits

## Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

### Indoor Sports

The last dreamy waltz had come to the end. For a moment he held her close in his arms and whispered into the little ear that snuggled on the lapel of his coat.

"I could dance to Heaven with you," he said.

"Oh, it was the most wonderful time of my life," she whispered back.

Quick change of scenery. Fraternity house. He to room-mate: "Gee, it's funny how they all fall for the same line."

Sorority house. She to room-mate: "Poor fish. Funny he never gets wise."

Boy, open the revolving doors, the hearse is outside.—*Gargoyle.*

### We Ask You

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl—
WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?—*Tiger.*

### Front Row Conservation

*Mr. Bach*—See that chorus girl there on the end? They pay her fifty dollars a week for not saying a word.

*Oldboy*—Huh, I know a gent at the club who's paying her sixty dollars a week for the same thing.—*Pelican.*

### My Rows Awry

The hours I spent in sweater art
Are as a string of purls—I sigh
To count them over, every one apart.
My rows, awry! My rows awry!
Each hour I purl, each purl take care
To drop no stitch lest I be stung;
I count, yea count, unto the end and there—
A sleeve is hung, a sleeve is hung!
O memories that bless and burn.
O raveling out at bitter loss.
I drop a purl, yet strive at last to learn
To knit across, sweet art!
To knit across!—*Smith College Monthly.*

### Conserved

"Here's to your health, Reuben."
"Where'd you git the liquor?"
"Squeezed it outen a mince pie a temp'rance woman gimme."—*Widow.*

### Bang!

This Bolshevik maiden is pretty and sweet,
But, comrades, you'd best not be shovin' her!
For dynamite hair pins adorn *la petite*,
And her hat-box holds bombs for the Governor!—*Record.*

### Cherchez la Femme!

Yvette had
A brand new gown.
He loathed to go
In debt.
He hoped
That he'd forget
How many francs
It cost.
And yet—
There was so little
Gown—
So much
Yvette.—*Pelican.*

### The Lubricant

Oily to bed
And oily to rise
Is the fate of a man
When an auto he buys.
—*Punch Bowl.*

### Too Much

*She*—Will you buy me that handkerchief? It costs only three dollars.

*It*—No; that's too much to blow in.—*Hill Sieve.*

### Let there be Wassailing

It is foolish, we know, to deny
What every good journal affirms;
The Huns may be starving, but why
Don't they live on their Diet of Worms?
—*Lampoon.*

### The Dear Things

*Her*—Theodore seems to be a very promising fellow.

*She*—No doubt about that. I was engaged to him once myself.—*Jester*

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Druggists: Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each.

Douglas Malloch.

# AMERICAN PRESS HUMORISTS

Chicago, Ill.,
July 20, 1918.

Judge,
New York.

Good Morning, Judge:

You will be interested to know, I am sure, that, in my visits to the army and navy camps, I have found it hard to get hold of a copy of Judge--some soldier or sailor always had it!

It is said we shall win this war because our boys go over the top with a smile. For supplying the smile, I thank you.

And you are performing a patriotic service in publishing the humor of the deck and dugout as seen by the soldiers and sailors themselves.

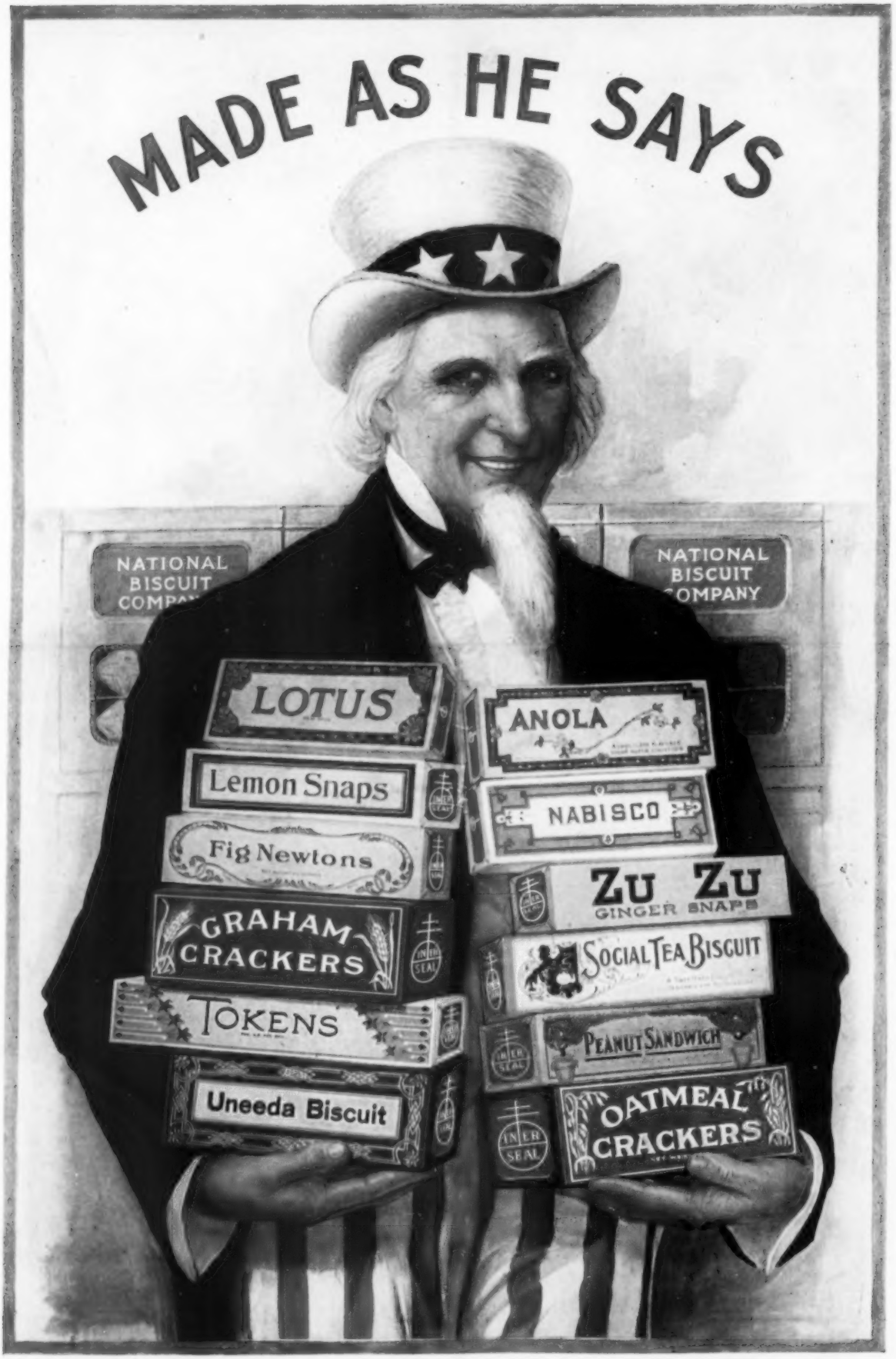
The sense of humor is second in importance only to the sense of right. You are proving that our boys have both.

Permit me to salute your soldier and sailor contributors as non-resident members of the American Press Humorists, and Judge, the nation's perpetual smileage book, as their official organ.

Sincerely yours,

Douglas Malloch

President.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